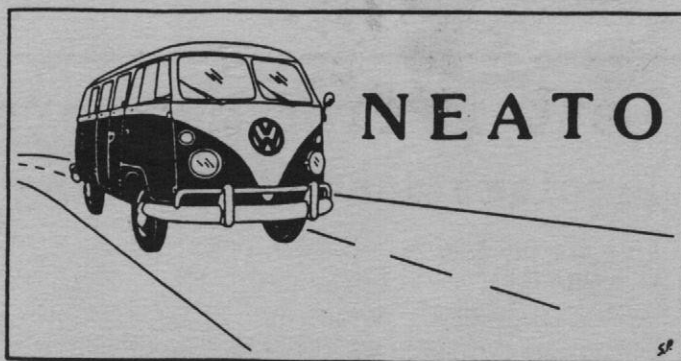




OLD BUS REVIEW

November/December 1996

#52

"All Splittys, All the Time"

TWO NEW CHAPTERS

It is with great pleasure that we announce the formation of yet two more new local chapters. From Deep in the Heart of Texas it's *Metroplex Micros*, and the contact person for this group is **Andy Seitz**, KSW (Knight of the Split Window). The *Micros* have already organized a few events for next year, and have regular monthly meetings, to boot.

And another proud addition to the roster of **NEATO** chapters is *LEAKOIL: Lake Erie Area Kombi Owners Involvement League*. This chapter considers it's territory to be the fertile crescent around Lake Erie of eastern Michigan through northern Ohio. Contacts for this happenin' group are **Keith Price** and **Bill Webner**.

Welcome *LEAKOIL* and *Metroplex Micros*!

THE '97 WESTFALIA CALENDAR

At the moment of this writing it looks like there will be a limited number of 1997 Westfalia calendars available to **NEATO** members. **Michael Steinke** of the Westfalia Register in Frankfurt, Germany is reproducing the one (and only) official calendar ever produced by Westfalia (done in 1959). **Michael's** description: "Full color, pictures with buses/trailers/caravans—Westfalia productions from the '50s. Printed at the Westfalia factory in Wiedenbrück!" I haven't seen it yet, but it has to be great.

We don't know the price of the calendar as it will depend on the dollar/mark exchange rate and the cost of air mail shipping. But, if you're at all interested in a copy of this calendar, call me—Tom at *OBR* Headquarters: (505) 268-2220—and I'll give you whatever updated information I have, and keep your name and number on a waiting list.

ELECTIONS '97

There's still time to throw your hat in the ring to serve as an officer or member of the Board of Directors of **NEATO**. Our mail-in ballot system last year was a big hit with members, as it allowed everyone to participate in the election process.

If you'd like to serve as an officer: President, Treasurer, Clerk, or Director (ten openings), simply write a short statement about yourself and your vision for **NEATO** and it will be faithfully typed up on the ballot sheet and then distributed to all members with the next *OBR*. If you have any questions about responsibilities, or anything about the organization of **NEATO**,

talk to any of the present Board members. **NEATO** needs you! The deadline for statements is December 31st.

THE SPLITTY SPEC GUIDE

Yet another collaboration with our friends overseas is a future book of detailed information on the Split-Window Bus. This book will contain such things as the definitive M-code (special options) list, paint codes, production and export stats for the Type 2, detailed bibliography and much more. This book, a collaboration of the **Split Screen Van Club** and **NEATO**, will be an English-language info source that we hope will fill many gaps in knowledge for owners and admirers of the Vintage Type 2. We hope to have this book available in the first half of next year.

If you have any tidbits to contribute to this book, or would especially like to see something in it, please contact me. We need as much input into this project as possible from wherever possible.

Do Your Bit—Drive Your Split!

Tom

Tom Brouillette, Editor

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OLD BUS REVIEW

This is issue Number 52 of *Old Bus Review*, published six times per year by Northeast Association of Transporter Owners, Inc. Publication dates are during the second weeks of January, March, May, July, September, and November. The official deadline for articles, letters, ads, etc., is the 15th of the month preceding publication. However, the next deadline is:

December 31st.

Northeast Association of Transporter Owners, Inc. (NEATO) was established to help members maintain, restore, buy or sell pre-1968 Volkswagen Transporters (Microbuses, Kombis, Campers, Single- and Double-Cab Pickups, etc.). Membership is open to all owners and admirers of these vehicles, and ownership of a pre-1968 VW Transporter is **not** a prerequisite to join.

Membership in NEATO (which includes a subscription to *Old Bus Review* and a copy of the *Transporter Tourist & Traveler Directory*) is \$20 per year (cheap). Overseas dues are \$30 US per year (postage overseas is wicked high). Please make checks payable to NEATO. Membership requests, address changes, and editorial contributions should be sent to:

NEATO/Old Bus Review

P.O. Box 4190

Albuquerque, NM 87196

Phone: (505) 268-2220 / Fax: (505) 255-6611

E-Mail: neato@rt66.com

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NEATO Officers & Board of Directors: Allen Becker, George Bossarte (Clerk), Bill Bowman (President), Mike Brown, Ted Chaney (Treasurer), Susan Crandall, Dave Easterwood (Editorial Assistant Extrodinaire), Barry Guscott, Jerry Jess, Gary Morgan (Chapter Coordinator), Michelle Underwood, Dennis Wilson, Tom Brouillette (Editor), Luke Lukey (Editorial Advisor), Jim Bryant (Very Helpful Person). All club work is volunteer—no salaries are paid. A brewski would be appreciated, though—cheers!

The views and opinions expressed in *Old Bus Review* are those of individual contributors and not necessarily those of the Officers, Directors, or Editor.

Although care has been taken to make the information contained herein as complete and accurate as possible, NO NEATO CLUB OFFICER, NOR CLUB MEMBER, PAST OR PRESENT, SHALL BE LIABLE FOR ANY DAMAGES RESULTING FROM THE USE OR MISUSE OF INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN.

Observe proper safety precautions when working around a vehicle, especially an older vehicle. Pay strict attention to manufacturer's directions, wear safety goggles, gloves, respirators, and proper clothing. With proper care, the old car hobby can be accident-free and fun.

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Letters from Members Proclamations & Pon-derings

From Marcos Aguirre, September, 1996:

Dear NEATO,

Sorry I'm a little late on my renewal, but I've been a bit busy. First with the purchase of my 1960 Double-door Kombi, which I drove home from Phoenix to L.A., then recently after to a totally fun show in San Jose (Kelley Park) and many shows after that. Lastly my most recent trip out to the Jerome Jamboree, which to me has been the most fun-filled trip yet. Enclosed is a picture of me on my bus conquering the road to Jerome. It was so neat to see all those VW people being so friendly. Especially that so many of them belonged to NEATO. Hi to the Route 66 Splits, and all those other NEATO members that were able to make the trip. I'd like to say thanks to all those VW bus freaks that keep bringing us the newsletters. It's always neat to see and read about people and their trips everywhere. Keep up the good work. Hope to see all you VW junkies at some of the up-coming events. Life is a journey, enjoy the trip. What better way to enjoy it but in a bus! Keep on bringing us those good stories!

God bless,

Marcos Aguirre

Alhambra, California

Editor's reply: Glad you're with us, Marcos!

From Camilla Spicer, October 29, 1996

Dear Tom & friends,

Hi & thanks for the great newsletter—

My boys & I made it from Florida to Alaska and back—southwest Florida to Fairbanks—15,000 miles round trip in my '67 camper in only 3 1/2 months! My TTT was very inspirational although I made contact with not 1 person I phoned.

We had no trouble with the van although we did stop for needed maintenance at Verner's Auto Repair in Boulder, a van haven. Verner once drove his '66 bus to Alaska and back! Outside of Boulder we saw only 3 split window buses on the road—all from Indiana. In Whitehorse, Yukon, we saw a big window Bus in disguise of an old with V front paint job.

On a side trip to Drumheller, Alberta, to study dinosaur history at the Royal Tyrell Museum we camped at a private downtown riverside campground. Our campsite of choice was taken & we were assigned site #13. Charlie, my 11 year old got out to check it out and immediately kicked up an old bus gas door key! Thanks for getting me my TTT. We'll be at Tampa show in Nov.

Camilla

Port Charlotte, Florida

Editor's reply: Great to hear from you, Camilla! Your trip has got to be a contender for Longest Trip in a Splitty Award for 1996! Glad your trip went well. After your cruise from Florida to Alaska, where will you travel next?

News About the Ben Pon Celebration in The Netherlands:

From *Hans Sprenkels*, November 21, 1996:

Hi Tom,

... Today I was at the Pon company. I spoke with them spoke about the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Pon company being a Volkswagen importer. For me, of course, the main interest was the Ben Pon VW Meet. Next year Pon is organizing a lot around the 50th anniversary. In cooperation with the Air-cooled VW Club of the Netherlands the most important thing will be organized: the fact that it is 50 years ago Ben Pon made his sketch. I am also a member of this club and I volunteered to take up the organization of this meet. At the moment I only can give you the date. The meet will be on the weekend after the 23 of April (the date of the sketch). This is APRIL 25, 26 and 27. Attached to this E-mail is an article you can use if you want. As soon as I have more info I'll send you an E-mail. I also would appreciate if you would let me know if we can expect some response from the USA.

Also another question: Is it possible to send me a new copy of the latest NEATO Old Bus Review? Mine was left with the Pon Compagnie. They where impressed by the article on Ben Pon.

This is all for now, greetings from the cold and wet Netherlands.

Hans Sprenkels
Kerkakkerstraat 15
NL-4891 AE Rysbergen
Netherlands
E-mail: vweuro@pi.net

On April 23, 1947, Ben Pon visited the Volkswagen factories in Wolfsburg, Germany. Previously, when he had visited in the Spring 1946, Pon obtained the dealership rights for importing the VW-Beetle into the Netherlands. Before the war, in 1938, the Pon brothers made a deal which involved the importing of the VW through Ferdinand Porsche himself. During his visits after the war, Pon noticed the vehicles used for internal transport in the Volkswagen factory. These "Plattenwagens" consisted of the rolling chassis of the Beetle with a flatbed for transporting parts and a cab at the rear. Pon thought of getting these Transporters onto the road in the Netherlands. But the Dutch Bureau of Transport did not agree with the plans for safety reasons. So Ben Pon made a new plan for a Transporter and on April 23, 1947 he mentioned his plan to Colonel Radcliffe, the English military officer who was in charge of the Volkswagen factory at the time. Radcliffe didn't do anything with the Ben Pon plans. Over a year later, in Autumn, 1948, the plans were rediscovered by Heinz Nordhoff who had taken over the management of Volkswagen.

April 23, 1947, is recognized as the date to commemorate the birth of the idea for the Volkswagen Transporter. The drawing Ben Pon made in his notebook on this date still exists, and in April, 1997, it will be 50 years since he made this drawing.

The Pon organization, which is still the importer of Volkswagens into the Netherlands, wants to celebrate this event. In co-operation with the Dutch Air-cooled VW Club they are organizing an international meeting for the first generation buses. The date of the meeting is set for 25th, 26th and 27th April, 1997. Further Information will be coming soon.

Biggest Bus Bash Ever to be Held in Britain!

From *Dave Eccles*,
October, 1996:

Next July BVF (British Volkswagen Festival) will host a special meet for Old Bus Fanatics from all over the world. Take the International feel and rare Veedubs mix from Bad Camberg, stir in all the ingredients for an amazing family VW Show (traders, concours, entertainments etc.), pour into an incredible purpose-built showground with excellent facilities and place amongst the stunning scenery of the Malvern Hills in rural England. . . WARNING! . . this rich mixture is highly addictive!

Letters

continued next page +



**Stand On Your Van—
Marcos Aguirre On the Road to Jerome Jamboree**

Come and share the experience of a lifetime next July 4-6. Split Screen Van Club is putting together the indoor themed display—Special Splits! Bulli Kartei will travel over with six or seven of their mobile museum rarities—including the tipper van and a cherry picker and we will be bringing together unusual and rare body conversions from all over Europe. We extend a warm invite to all readers of *OBR*—bring your bus! If you can't fit your Split into your hand luggage bring yourselves! SSVV and the Bus Clubs will have their own special area (what about NEATO?) for getting together; if you can't camp over, there are excellent local hostleries! Come and be part of The Splitty Nation!

BE THERE OR MISS THE EVENT OF THE MILLENNIUM!

In the next issue of *Old Bus Review* I hope to have more details on all of these things.

Dave Eccles
Brambly House
93 Dunton Road
Broughton Astley, Leics. LE9 6NA
England
E-mail: dace.ecc@argonet.co.uk



Wonderful plate, funky Bus. Photo taken in Chattanooga, Tennessee, June '96—Fred Garnes

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Paul & Heather Harrison, Kanab, Utah ('61 Deluxe, '63 Camper, '64 Double Cab, '66 Standard)
Christopher Walsh, Glenview, Illinois ('59 Single Cab, '63 Sundial Camper, '74 Westfalia)
Tim Thelen, Missoula, Montana
Steve Atherton, Loveland, Ohio
Andy Padgett, Acworth, Georgia ('79 Westfalia)
Steve Mighetto, Berkeley, California ('62 Westfalia)
Ted Smith, Berkley, Michigan ('66 Bus)
Zac Robbins, Omaha, Nebraska ('59 Kombi)
Robert W. (Bob) Herzog, Lompoc, California ('72 Campmobile)
Ken Krol, Lorain, Ohio ('63 Single Cab (family-owned since new), '68 Single Cab)
Scot & Jane Castle, North Chelmsford, Mass. ('65 Camper)
Eric Frye, Jacksonville, Texas ('71 Westfalia)
John Kyte, Sandia Park, New Mexico
Ken Hyatt, Middletown, Ohio ('60 Crew Cab)
Tony Passetti, Sonoma, California ('65 Kombi)
***Sloan Bush**, Pensacola, Florida ('63 Panel)
***Ed O'Donnell**, Peralta, New Mexico
Stephen Lane, Alexandria, Pa. ('62 23-window)
Carla Brooks, Antioch, California (None yet, but lusting after a '65 non-running wreck!)
Steven Fofonoff, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada ('56 23-window)
David Cheakas, Dallas, Texas ('61 Panel, '71 Bus)
Todd Houge, Springfield, Missouri ('62 Double Cab)
Richard Harrison & Angie Gentry, Tulsa, Oklahoma ('56 Microbus & '67 Westfalia)
Gerald Marquez, Albany, California ('62 Deluxe, '62 Single Cab, '66 Kombi)

Greg Emerick, Parkersburg, West Virginia
Richard Jablonski, Roan Mountain, Tenn. ('71 Camper)
Dwight Rider, Valencia, California
David Ledig, Pahrump, Nevada ('66 Sundial Camper)
Donald Rusnak, Arlington, Virginia ('67 Deluxe, 21-window)
Joe Barletto, Okeechobee, Florida ('67 Deluxe, 13-window)
Brick House, Murphy, Texas ('59 Single Cab)
***Jean-David Tardiff**, St-Denis Brompton, Quebec, Canada ('60 Westfalia, '64 Deluxe, '70 Westfalia)
Mark E. Franklin, Cincinnati, Ohio
***Steve H. Wood**, Seattle, Wash. ('54 Kombi, '55 Standard)
Gregory Payne, Sunnyvale, California ('65 Panel/camper)
Frank Waddel, Charlotte Hall, Maryland
Steven Butosi, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada
Christian F. Krahforst, Waltham, Massachusetts
Victor Ofner, San Francisco, Calif. ('65 Standard, '67 Kombi)
***Rick Rahmberg**, Webster Groves, Missouri ('66 Westy)
Steve Gurr, Gainesville, Georgia ('65 Double Cab)
Bruce Journeay, Lyons, Colorado ('66 VW Westfalia, '66 Mercedes Westfalia/Dormobile)
Todd Kietzmann, Boca Raton, Florida ('67 Deluxe)
Kenny Collins, Charlotte, North Carolina
Kevin Klimecky, Madison, Wisconsin ('61 Single Cab, '62 15-window, '65 21-window)
Andy Bryenton, Knoxville, Tenn. ('59 Microbus, "Ginger"; '76 Microbus, "Stella")
Keith M. Carmen, Amherst, N.H. ('67 Camper, '78 Bus)
***John Gish**, Los Angeles, California ('65 Deluxe)
Paul S. Kruger, Watertown, New York ('66 Deluxe)

(* = returning to NEATO after an absence—
Welcome Back!)



The Grendel Saga

By Robert Hoover

The Long Run Home—Conclusion (almost)

Just across the parking lot was a pair of phone booths. I trudged over, intending to call my son but did not. I would try to reach Medford, call from there instead of awakening him. There was a phone book and I used the yellow pages to learn the location of the nearest auto-parts store. Based on the map in the phone book and my minute knowledge of Grant's Pass, the store was less than a mile away, all downhill. I stowed the ruined jack in Grendel's cargo bay and drove to the auto-parts store, dealing with the few cars and stop lights by traveling at little more than a walking pace. At the store, the parking lot had some slope to it but it wasn't too bad. I spotted a reasonably level space and pulled into it. It was about a quarter past six in the morning and a cold fog was coming up from the river. Even the minuscule heat from the engine was denied me by The Noise. The store opened at eight. I passed the time trying to think out the problem. I had the feeling I'd missed a clue but I was too cold to reason clearly. I drank the dregs from my thermos, nibbled on a bagel. The traffic increased, Grendel garnering a host of stares, most amused, some angry.

When the store opened the first thing I noticed was the smell of fresh-brewed coffee, a convenience for their early-morning customers. I take my coffee black but that morning I loaded the styrofoam cup with sugar and creamer, added a little hot coffee, sucked down the syrupy mess while the clerks watched blank-faced, finally inquired if they might help me. "Floor jack?" I asked. Shake of the head. But a slow point of the finger toward some bottle jacks on a shelf, high up, in keeping with their prices. I bought an 8-ton model, a gallon of tranny lube. WARM tranny lube, having learned my lesson with the floor jack. Ninety-weight tranny lube is like molasses when cold. The bottle jack was powerful but not very handy, Grendel having no conveniently flat jacking-points. I used blocks of wood and lots of luck to get the brakes adjusted. I didn't have enough small blocks to chock the wheels and use as jacking points, had to keep shuffling them around for each wheel, afraid to try a two wheel lift due to the slope of the lot. With the left rear in the air, I built a safety stand,

skivvied under, pulled the filler plug, gave Grendel an agonizing twenty-one strokes before she sicked-up, spat lube down my wrist and arm and shirt sleeve as my frozen fingers fumbled to get the plug back in.

The brakes come up amazingly well. They pulled a bit to the left and I could feel a definite rough spot but they were good enough to allow me to deal with the traffic. Saturdays are busy in Grant's Pass.

I refueled at the Chevron near the fairgrounds. Surprisingly, the attendant appeared sentient. I'd now dealt with four Oregonian gas station attendants, found seventy-five percent of them to be idiots, not good odds for the Beaver State. I filled my thermos at the gas station mini-mart, had a sketchy wash in their bathroom. Another surprise was the Noise, less than the night before, possibly even less than it had been during the day. I put it down to the cold, to a full charge of oil, to prayers answered and incantations chanted as I pulled out of the station and tackled the

first grade on the south-bound road. It was a few minutes before ten.

I was traversing the Siskayou Range, a hundred miles of mountains cut by river gorges, with I-5 soaring over the one only to plunge back to the other. Grendel was carrying her rated max of 1500 pounds, mostly junkyard parts I was hoping to sell for a profit in southern California. We walked up the grades in 3rd, trying to stay above 30 mph but failing on a

few of the longer slopes. In Oregon, the slowest of the slow are expected to use the shoulder of the roadway. Midway up one grade I came upon a car parked in my lane, a woman standing beside it. The woman had her hood up and a 'Help' sign in the rear window. I saw her well ahead, watched dozens of cars and trucks pass her as Grendel toiled up the grade. I pulled around her and stopped.

She was an older woman, made a bit nervous by my rough appearance but willing to accept my help. Her car was a little Nissan, an older one with the engine fore & aft instead of traverse. Gray. I don't know the models but it was a two-door sedan. She said it had lost power and then simply stopped. She said some lights had come on but she couldn't remember if they came on before or after the engine stopped. SHE HAD BEEN THERE NEARLY AN HOUR.

The radiator appeared dry. The oil was off the stick. The engine was still very warm to the touch. I had two quarts of 30W oil. It took them both before showing on the stick, just above the

Grendel continued next page +

one-quart-low mark. I poured my coffee into the radiator. I had a 20 ounce Pepsi but no water in Grendel. With a mental shrug, I fed the Pepsi to her radiator. I told the old lady that I thought the thing had just over-heated. She readily agreed, saying it had been running hot lately. When I told her to start the engine it fired right up, settled down to a nice idle. She said it seemed quieter. I told her I would be along in a few minutes, for her to stop if she had trouble, but to get to water with all reasonable speed. She was folding up her 'Help' sign, nodding, anxious to be off, said no word of thanks. She passed me as I trudged back to Grendel. I never saw her again.

Grendel continued to make an assortment of dreadful noises. I oiled her twice during the sixty miles between Grant's Pass and the California border, each time imagining the fresh oil made her less noisy. Seven ounces the first time, only five the second,

hardly worth the trouble. I was averaging a bit less than 30 mph but reaching California provided an enormous boost to my spirits. I was born in San Francisco; I was back in my home state and that was good enough for now. The first bit of road after crossing the state line was some of the worst I'd encountered but it got better and I knew there were occasional road-side phones in California—rare in both Oregon and Washington, and that

the California Highway Patrol actually did a pretty good job of patrolling the highways. I had crossed Washington and Oregon without seeing a single police car. I saw three within minutes of arriving in California. I waved at the two that passed me. One waved back. Fifty-fifty ain't too bad. Better than Oregonian gas station attendants.

The Noise was definitely getting louder. I was running a bare 40 mph, stopping to refill the tranny about once an hour. But I wasn't using much lube. It was very confusing. Then came The Big Bang.

It happened in Weed, where I stopped to buy more tranny lube. There wasn't any positive reason to buy more, I still had most of a frozen gallon and some remained in one of the two quarts I'd bought in Grant's Pass, the parts-store not having any gallon jugs of the stuff, looking at me as if I were mad when I asked. Tranny lube in GALLONS?

There's all kinds of luck besides good and bad, my stop at Weed falling somewhere in that gray area in between the two. I crept off the freeway, stopped at the NAPA parts place, got Larry to sell me a gallon of 90W. Beside the display was a rack of lube pumps that had a barbed fitting on the filler hose, allowing you to

lock the thing in the filler hole and not pump half the lube down your arm. I bought one. Outside, Grendel started reluctantly, a first for her. The engine had been the only reliable part of the vehicle, the one thing I could take entirely for granted since it was my own creation. I pulled up at the town's only stop light, waited for a logging truck to make the turn, started through the intersection when there was an incredible racket from the engine room, an enormous BANG!... and the red light came on. Fan belt. But not like any fan belt I'd ever heard.

It was like a revelation from God. Before I got Grendel to a vacant lot just beside the car wash, Understanding washed over me. The Noise wasn't coming from the tranny, it had been coming from the alternator. Or the fan pulley. Or some damn thing. But not the tranny. When I rolled out of the motel in the pre-dawn nearly eight hours before, THERE HAD BEEN NO NOISE.

The Noise was definitely getting louder. I was running a bare 40 mph, stopping to refill the tranny about once an hour. But I wasn't using much lube. It was very confusing. Then came The Big Bang.

The tranny had been rotating but not the engine, since I didn't pop the clutch until we were doing a few miles an hour. The leak had made me so sure the noise was coming from the tranny, and my own faith in my skills made me so confident in the engine, that I failed to interpret what Grendel had been telling me.

Sitting in that narrow but marvelously convenient vacant lot, I cried. I'm not sure why, I just couldn't help it. Water came out

of my eyes and my chin wouldn't keep still and I was so damn mad at myself... yet relieved, too. It's still pretty mixed up in my mind. I've never let things get out of hand like that before and it took several minutes for me to calm down, climb out and assess the damage.

The alternator pulley had eaten the Woodruff key and ground a nice noisy burr into the nose of the alternator. The bearing was intact and the shaft still firm but that sonofabitch had to have been grinding away for at least seven hundred miles, ever since I installed the alternator on the engine at Shelton under less than ideal conditions. When I dismantled the engine for the trip north I put the Woodruff key and the spacer into a baggy, packing it with the other small parts in a white cardboard box, where I found it waiting when I put the engine back together. But there was no evidence of the spacer. I'd mounted the pulley without the spacer. The noise and the worry and the fear had all been the product of my own hands.

The past is prolog. I'd screwed up. To unscrew things I would have to perform the Hat Trick. This particular Hat Trick was to locate a Volkswagen alternator pulley in Weed, California on a Saturday afternoon in October. I hiked back to the NAPA

store and braced Larry with the problem. He wasn't hopeful. He knew of only one wrecking yard that had Volkswagens and it was some distance out of town. He gave me involved directions: Back onto the freeway to the next off-ramp, under the freeway to the end of the road, hang a right to the fork, then a left, then watch for the sign: Black Butte Auto Dismantling. Couldn't miss it. Oh, the last part of that was unpaved roads, out through the pines. It sounded chillingly like Shelton.

I bought a spare fan belt—I had one but expected to ruin it doing what I had to do, which was jam the pulley onto the shaft with a wedge of bailing wire in the bore and tighten everything down after greasing the hub to let it spin in the burr it had already created. I shrieked my way onto the freeway, accelerated to about twenty, threw in the clutch and coasted, engine off. Did that twice to reach the off-ramp. It was called Mountain View, the mountain

in view being Mount Shasta, the view being more than magnificent. I barely noticed. Black Butte Auto Dismantling looked like something run by the Joad family, eerily like the situation in Shelton, even to the name of the man: Eric. "No, ain't got nothing like that. I sells every Volkswagen generator I get my hands on, pulley and all. Regulators, too." But he didn't mind if I looked around. I grabbed a 21 mm wrench, a screwdriver

and began hiking, the wrecking yard covering more than ten acres.

It held only six Volkswagens. In one, I found a blower with the armature of a 12v generator attached, but no pulley. I also found a new Bosch voltage regulator under the front seat and a pair of nearly new needle-nosed pliers. Then I found a 1965 bus complete except for glass and front axles, right down to the 6v generator on the engine. And the pulley. I removed it, laughing like a fool. The shaft diameter is the same as on the alternator. But I stopped laughing when I couldn't get the inner flange of the pulley free of the shaft. I hiked back to find Eric and beg the use of a puller, offering up the things I'd discovered to show my good intentions. He wouldn't let me use his puller but he drove over to the bus and prepared to remove the pulley himself. As he set up the puller I gave him a sketchy outline of my activities over the past month, hoping to impress the importance of my need. He ended up listening spellbound, his hands still. When I finished my tale he popped the pulley off, firing the Woodruff key into space, where it now orbits the planet Logon. But there was another Woodruff key. On the fan-end of the generator shaft. And I'd just lugged one of those up to the office. He gave me the puller with

a shake of his head, saying "Good luck." He knew the contents of his yard, had known of the armature but didn't think the rusty hub would come free. And he was pretty sure the 6v pulley wouldn't fit a 12v alternator. I didn't dispute his opinion, thankful for his trust in allowing me to use the puller.

Looming over us was Mount Shasta, a remarkably beautiful example of a shield volcano, it's upper slopes rosy in the afternoon light, glaciers and permanent snow fields mantling its heights. It isn't as impressive as Hood, Rainier or the caldera of Mount St. Helens, but it is somehow a more imminent peak, more personal. I can't explain why, it was just the feeling I had as I hiked back toward the office with a nearly complete pulley in one hand, the precious puller in the other. I walked right into the path of the junkyard dog, a chained bitch. She made a rush at me that I wasn't even aware of, my gaze glued on the mountain, wonder-

ing why the colors seemed to change as I watched. When I failed to leap aside, the dog stopped, sat down perplexed. Then I realized what I'd done, leapt aside and she made another lunge, brought up by the limit of her chain. Two women who saw the incident thought it very funny. Piney woods, junkyards, guys named Eric. Even junkyard dogs. When I got to Grendel it was all I could do to climb inside, sit shaking, spill-

ing tobacco all over myself as I tried to fill my pipe. I felt the weight of the mountain against my back, pushing me south.

The puller, a hammer and a liberal dose of Liquid Wrench won me the Woodruff key but the keyway in the alternator shaft was bugged all to hell and the keyway in the 6v pulley was notched; it wouldn't accept the key. My Swiss files were somewhere under the load. I dug them out. My emery paper was in a box full of tail light fixtures. I dug IT out. Then came the fun of machining my abused alternator's shaft back into something close to a circle and filing the pulley's keyway to accept the key. The sun slid down the sky and they'd already told me they would close a bit early, it being a Saturday and all.

I got the alternator's shaft to accept the pulley. Then I got the alternator's keyway to accept the key by swaging hammered wafers of bailing wire into the bugged part of the moon-shaped keyway slot, leaving the Woodruff key vertical. I put it together three times, the final assembly with a dose of high powered Sleeve Retainer, thoughtfully included in the shipment of front wheel cylinders by my friend Roland Wilhelmy two weeks before and unused until now. The belt I installed was the spare I'd

Grendel continued next page +

No, ain't got nothing like that. I sells every Volkswagen generator I get my hands on, pulley and all. Regulators, too. But he didn't mind if I looked around. I grabbed a 21 mm wrench, a screwdriver and began hiking, the wrecking yard covering more than ten acres.

purchased at the NAPA store in Weed, the last thirty-five and a half inch belt he had on hand, the short run to the junkyard having trashed my spare belt. By three fifteen I was done, the engine ran, The Noise had vanished. The ladies allowed me to use the bathroom in the office to clean up. I made a proper job of it, thanked them sincerely. They were sun-burned, happily splitting stove wood, covering it with a ragged blue tarp. Winter had already touched the highlands.

Eric would not accept payment, saying my finding the regulator and his mislaid needle-nosed pliers was more than payment enough. Something went wrong with my throat and I was forced to turn away, giving him only a curt nod of thanks. As I stumbled toward Grendel he called out, "Good luck, fella." I felt I'd already had some.

I allowed Grendel to find her own way down the stony dirty road, refueled at the Mountain View Chevron station, refilled my thermos with good coffee, that morning's fill now somewhere in Oregon cooling a thankless Nissan. I won my way over the last pass and came down from the hills, the engine running quiet and strong, a faint whine from the tranny but no other symptoms of note. The clutch was good, the brakes better, the heater now a definite blast, unneeded in the warmth of the valley, dealt with by open windows and a working overhead ventilator. A woman in a late model Vanagon overhauled me. I waved as she passed, an automatic thing. She waved back, a first for the trip. I took it as a good omen.

I ran down the track of the sun, watched it set beyond the Coastal Range, stopped to buy a pair of spare fan belts in Redding about six PM, kept rolling Grendel south, stopping every two hours to pump in more lubricant, backing up on the kerbing at the rest stops to gain enough room to squeeze under Grendel's belly, do the deadly deed, washing up in the cold-water basin of the rest stop bathroom.

Night found Grendel's headlights wanting; I'd adjusted them too far toward the shoulder, another error of caution. But they were bright enough and the moon was supposed to rise about ten thirty. When it didn't I felt I was in a different world. I'm well attuned to the phases of the moon, the way some people can always point toward the north. The moon has been a faithful companion on many a night flight and voyage. It should have been there but it wasn't and I found the lack profoundly disturbing, made worse by my inability to understand. When a lemon-wedge of moon rose over the mountains about eleven fifteen I realized the Grendel Affair had cost me an entire day somewhere, perhaps when I'd been ill with pneumonia.

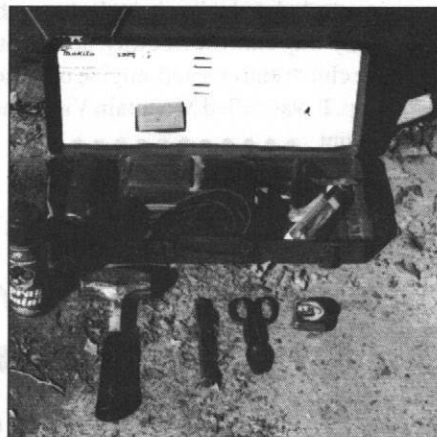
I continued south through the soft California night, my world governed by three dials. The speedometer was immobile on 45, the fuel gauge a glacial creep, my watch a languid semaphore. Every two hours I would stop to top up the tranny. At Woodland I refueled. At 1:35 am I arrived at my son's home having taken seventeen hours to travel the 454 miles between Grant's Pass and Modesto. Home is still four hundred miles to the south and there is no doubt I will drive Grendel there, as I set out to do more than a month ago. It's a do-able thing.

More to come. . .



EASY TRANSPORTER Modifications for FUN AND PROFIT

*By Jon Furst and Cletus Riedel
(with help from Ed O'Donnell)*



Picture #1

Tools needed: Measuring tape (metric), small cutting utensils, a medium size chisel, large hammer, marking device, and an incredibly dangerous reciprocating saw.



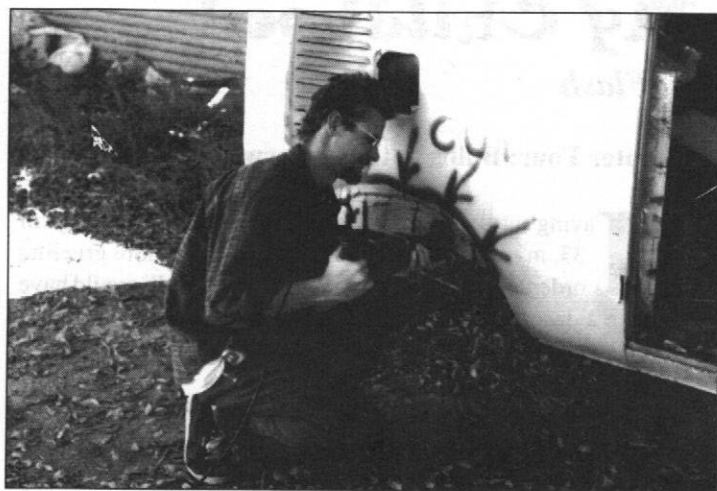
Picture #2

Use the measuring tape and lay out the area to remove, taking into consideration the size of tires you will be mounting. We are installing 215/85 R16 BR-945's, so some serious hogging out is in order.



Picture #3

Mark the area with something you can see clearly such as a grease pencil, magic marker, or a can of John Deere green spray paint. Keep your lines straight so to insure a professional finish.



Picture #4

Take the incredibly dangerous reciprocating saw and turn it on. Laugh in the face of apparent danger, and cut vertical strips just short (6.375 mm) of the line.



Picture #5

Now with a handy helper, start bending the strips back into the wheel well. I personally prefer this method than just cutting the opening because this creates a little radius, giving it a finished look. So what if the strips rattle, *all* buses rattle, don't they?



Picture #6

The finished product. Now mount your superwide 50's on Cragar SS rims (with adapters) and cruise!



My Childhood

by Flash

Chapter Four: Bullis in the Underworld

Having survived the trauma of puberty at the tardy age of 33, my Bulli was about to face an even more grueling ordeal. As does every young man, my Bulli would have to make a descent to the underworld. The dark world of nightmares, spirit guides, voodoo magic, satanic cults, & sheer terror. My Bulli was about to meet the hockey team.

You have probably heard that rugby players eat their dead. What you have not heard is what hockey tribes do to them before they get around to eating them. Have you ever wondered why there are no national color glossy hockey magazines, as there are for cycling, jogging, motor racing, fitness, wrassling, & hot VWs? It is not, as hockey fans will vehemently attest, due to a lack of enthusiasm for the sport. It is because hockey does not meet FDA standards. Indeed, even just writing about hockey does not meet FDA standards. It is easier to get satanic kiddie porno in Folsom prison, or Fortune Magazine in Iran, than a bona fide description of a hockey game, let alone the Grim Ritual which follows a hockey game.

Imagine two squads of Mike Tysons on ice skates with baseball bats. Just to confuse things, a projectile is thrown in, too, but I don't see why they bother with it. The winner is the side which scores the most appalling knockouts. All in all, it most nearly resembles a cross between Barnum & Bailey, & that grand old Spartan spectacle, the flogging of the boys: who dies last wins. More than this, the Food & Drug Administration does not permit me [or *OBR*—ed.] to divulge.

Your mission, Mr. Phelps, should you choose to accept it—and I did not have a choice—is to ferry the hockey tribe, in whatever condition they may find themselves—dead, alive, or undead—from the municipal ice rink, where the initial preparations for the Grim Ritual are performed, to the fire pit, where the Grim Ritual is actually consummated. I had estimated the total traveling time, including loading, unloading, crowd control & security precautions, at 12 minutes. Piece of cake, right? Wrong. The hockey tribe would put more dents in my Bulli in 12 minutes, all from the inside, than the fire brigade had done in 27 years.

The savages were in the cargo bay; I was in the pilot house, shielded from barbarism by a sheet of masonite & a veneer of stoicism. They were dissecting a disputed call which had occurred during the game, whether one of the goals ought to have been disallowed or not. It had been a knockout, & an appalling one, too—no one disputed that fact. But it had been scored by a member of the home team against a team mate—an “own goal” so to speak. In South America, where warriors have no honor, patriots would have had to do the dirty work & gun the man down in the street. Among the Teutonic tribes—“the blond beast who sacked Rome,” as Nietzsche called them—the warriors would palaver first & settle the matter among themselves privately. They were divided on the issue &, by the sound of it, I judged

them to be re-enacting it in the cargo bay, like a sort of delayed instant replay, although not, I suspect, for the benefit of the referee who was by now in intensive care.

I had been counting on a police escort from the arena to the fire pit, to keep things under control, but they had politely refused to accompany me past the arena's perimeter barricades. There were still several hundred yards of ground to cover before I could absolve myself of my cargo. I was desperate.

The chieftain of the hockey tribe, who had hornswoggled me into this dubious operation because I owed him a favor of such a nature that I could not well refuse without risking the public exposure of certain embarrassing details pertaining to my puberty, had given me only cursory instructions as to the role I was expected to perform in the Grim Ritual. Apart from ferrying the warriors to the fire pit after their ritual combat, I was to have procured various provisions & have them there waiting at the fire pit. These consisted primarily of huge quantities of raw meat & as many kegs of beer as a panel-van could muster. This had evidently been the decisive factor in my having been nominated, in absentia, as the latest cult acolyte. This was to be my Bulli's initiation into the dark underworld of hockey. To flinch would be tantamount to failure & the retribution would be too hideous to contemplate.

It is well-known to those among whom I am well-known that I am a vegetarian of long standing. What is not well-known is that this is due to habit, not moral squeamishness. Being self-unemployed, I have endured many dry patches, & when money gets tight, the necessities are the first things to go. Later, when the money gets REALLY tight, the luxuries go, too. During one of those dry patches, meat went & I got used to it. I never missed the stuff after that. But I guess somebody in the hockey tribe thought it would be a dirty trick to play on me to make me go to the butcher shop to pick up half a Bulliful of dismembered body parts from all manner of poor little & poor not so little creatures & carry them, bleeding, to the fire pit. Not so. I have done worse things than procure innocent flesh for rough men.

At the fire pit, I securely locked the raw meat & other provisions in several heavy metal safari trunks & lined up the beer kegs on a crude sort of wooden dais which someone had erected there. In anticipation of the warriors' triumphal arrival, I tapped one of the kegs & left my friend George behind to keep an eye on things. I would be gone no more than 12 minutes.

The Mannheim hockey fans are renowned for their choir. Although they are not so well known nor so oft recorded as the King's College Cambridge or Vienna Boys Choirs, what they lack in refinement of repertoire they make up for in decibels & forthrightness. I have often heard their ringing chants forming the backdrop to an 11 o'clock news report featuring rows of helmeted & masked riot police, their conductor swinging a truncheon, rather than the traditional baton, so that he could be more clearly seen by those in the remoter pews of the arena.

Mannheim had hosted the Berlin Polar Bears & thoroughly pummeled them. Throughout the game, the choir had chanted out its requiem to the Berliners: “You ain't nuthin but gummi bears!” Some of the fans who made up the procession behind my Bulli were still singing this as we pulled up to the fire pit & parked.

I am quite certain that George was a Buddha in a previous life & that the only reason he came back this time was to help me get past the numerous minor hells into which I would otherwise have stumbled & to get on toward whatever peculiar purgatory it is that beckons to me from beyond prime time. I know that George is a Buddha because he is happy & gentle, because he has never told a lie, & because he is brave without being violent. I have known him to confront burglars in the dead of night, unarmed, & send them fleeing merely by raising his voice. As Joe Campbell says, every hero has a spirit guide, & this was to be my Bulli's sacred journey into the underworld, so it was only natural that a spirit guide should be along for the ride. George was it. Of course, everyone has his own little foibles, even spirit guides, & George's is this: he has a real passion for raw meat & beer. Buddhists are supposed to abstain from these things & I think the lesson the cosmos is trying to teach me, through George, is that commandments are not really Commandments; they are guidelines, sort of. People at a lower level of spiritual development need them, otherwise they go astray & end up stranded, forever, at a greasy spoon in Cozad, Nebraska. But enlightened souls, who act out of pure love, can bend the rules & no one is any the worse for it. When George gets too much beer in him, the only thing he wants to do is throw his arms around your shoulders & slobber all over you. I myself have never objected to this peculiar manner of showering affection, but it does tend to startle the guests.

Most people judge by external appearances & thereby judge wrongly. Judged by external appearances, George is not what most people would recognize as a Buddha. He has disguised himself in this life as a Great Pyrenees, which is a sort of albino Newfoundland. But most people have never seen a Great Pyrenees & readily mistake him for a horse of a different color.

There are moments in life when the excrement has hit the oscillating ventilator & you think "it can't possibly get any worse than this"—& then it does. So here I am, with the barbarians thumping the snot out of my otherwise immaculate museum-condition fire truck, & there's not a thing I can do about it until I get them out of it & engaged in their Grim Ritual, & what do I see? There, at the fire pit, where the wild tribesmen will soon spit any helpless victims they can lay their hands on, I see George. George has figured out how to open the tap. Beer is flowing freely onto the ground. There is a growing puddle of foam under the picnic table & George is lapping it up, serenely pleased with himself. I figure I might as well insert myself right onto the spit & start basting myself—just to save the savages the inconvenience of disemboweling me first.

But I had underestimated the mythical power of my spirit guide. Joe was right.

George looked up. He was full of beer & all he wanted to do was throw his arms around somebody's shoulders & slobber all over him. And, lo & behold! here were carloads of happy people arriving. George was overjoyed. He lumbered over to the car-

loads of happy people. None of them had ever seen George before. The chants of "You ain't nuthin but gummi bears," petered out & an aghast silence descended upon the gathering multitude. Not one car door opened. Every window was rolled up in agitated haste. The only sound was the continuing rumpus in my cargo bay. Cooped up in the back of a panel-van, the wild tribesmen had no idea what was going on outside.

I was determined to confound the barbarians: I would repay savagery with love.

The cargo bay of a '63 panel-van is a peculiar space: it has two entrances but only one exit. This is due to the fact that the tailgate cannot be opened from the inside. Moreover, people not familiar with the dual-handle arrangement on the inside of the side doors seldom sort them out on their first try. Consequently, I had plenty of time to persuade George that there was something very interesting going on inside the cargo bay which he really

The hockey tribe would put more dents in my Bulli in 12 minutes, all from the inside, than the fire brigade had done in 27 years

ought to check out. I flung open the side doors & George bounded in. If you have never seen a hockey team panic in an enclosed space, you have missed an amusing spectacle.

They were thrown into immediate disarray & started flailing about with their hockey sticks & kicking with their skates. The sticks were useless at such close quarters & quickly abandoned. Their one & only concerted strategic maneuver was a sort of chorus-girl kick; they use this to good effect against other hockey tribes, but they need a neat row & a run-up of at least 8 yards to pull it off. Scrambling around incoherently in the cargo bay, the chorus-girl kick inflicted plenty of damage, but not to George. After that initial volley, it was dog eat dog, as it were. A lashing tongue & slobbery jowls were the weapons of choice. Cries of surprise & rage quickly turned to sheer terror—sound & fury, signifying nothing. The tailgate withstood a furious but futile assault, & to shrieks of "You bastards!" it dawned on the trapped savages within that there was but one way out: between the legs of what they imagined to be the Berliners' revenge.

George thought all this hooting & scrambling around was more fun than he'd had since Christmas & baptized each & every one with great gouts of beery slobber. They tumbled out, one-by-one, with all manner of undignified contortions. Not a few had pipped themselves as well & were soaked both hither & yon.

The rest of the Grim Ritual passed much as expected: dismembered body parts were burnt at the stake, drowned with a noxious potion known as "bar-bee-queue sauce," & then wolfed down. I had great gouts of potato salad. George was in doggie heaven: there were endless tidbits & scratching behind the ears.

And the Bulli? Well, as Joe Campbell says, after a youth goes down to infernal regions & returns a man, he bears the scars to prove it.

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The Original This Old Bus

by Scott Stothers

Chapter Eleven: Brakes, Suspension, etc.

In order to make sure your restoration job is going to stay in one piece, a thorough rebuild of the brake system should be done. The word from one of my advisors was that the front four brake cylinders could usually be rebuilt while the rear two brake cylinders should probably be picked up new. Based on my source's past experience the rear rebuilds apparently never seem to quite hold up over time. So four front rebuild kits and two rear cylinders were ordered. New pads were ordered as well and once received were found to be 1.5 mm smaller in width than the originals. Well, we'll give these a go and see what happens to them in actual use. The originals were kept and they may be re-shoed at a later date if necessary.

Old rubber brake lines can crack with age and swell inside causing brakes to drag, leaks, and other problems so new ones were ordered as well. Once these arrived they were found to be of nylon material and also shorter than the originals! Good luck if you installed these and tried to turn your front wheels, because gradually leaks will develop as the line tries to separate from the pressed on fittings. These lines were dumped in the bin and a phone call made to somebody who had also rebuilt their T2 brakes to find a source!

If you are taking apart the wheels to do the complete brake overhaul, it is also a good idea to replace your front wheel bearings. A set of these was ordered for the sum of \$38 and I was set to go.

The T2 workshop manual was followed and the whole procedure was fairly straightforward. The front end was worked on first. Axle cap removed, two nuts with locking plate, and the front drum comes off. Brake lines disconnected and the two front wheel cylinders were taken off and disassembled. A hone was attached to the drill and used on each cylinder. New rebuild kit installed and everything was reassembled. Make sure to use a new locking plate and actually it's probably a good idea to stock up on this for future repairs as they are relatively cheap at this time.

The front wheels had all their old grease removed and surfaces cleaned after the old wheel bearings had been carefully removed. New ones were installed with a drift and some brand new Castrol grease was used to keep things rolling smoothly. No problems were experienced here.

I did have one of the drivers side link pin seals dry out and break so I had to go a little further removing the backing plate and taking the link pin plus a tie rod off. I won't get into the fight with the tie rod but the hacksaw finally won out. Tried ordering a new one but of course this didn't fit, so phoned MARK LAPRIORE to pick up a good used original which did the job for now. The original factory passenger side tie rod does not have any adjustable tie rod ends although these may have been available at some time as replacements. Would not mind one of these NOS but try

and find one now!

All the old dirt and grease was scraped off with a screwdriver and wire brush for a clean work area while working with the front suspension. Assembly and re-greasing was a breeze after that with the link pins adjusted as per the manuals instructions.

I also noticed while underneath that the centre link pin is worn somewhat (Oh Joy!) and this will no doubt be a story in the column at some future date.

One can also go through the trouble of replacing the metal brake lines if these are not in good shape. Mine seemed okay with no apparent deterioration on the inside. Actually the outside of these metal brake lines still maintains a coating of protective wax which appears to be of factory origin.

Back brakes were next and work progressed smoothly on these. Big axle nut removed and drum comes off. Brake pads and springs removed along with rear wheel cylinder. New cylinder installed with new pads, but before this is done brake cleaner is applied to clean off backing plate of any old grease, brake dust, etc. Remember we are dealing with asbestos here so wear some form of protection.

I decided to bleed the brake system with the back drums off which is a bad idea at any time. The rear brake cylinders softly blew out with a good quantity of brake fluid on the floor. SMART people usually put the drums back on before trying this procedure to hold everything in place.

Once I had the cylinders, brake lines, etc., in place, I found that the master cylinder, which is the one-year '67 variety, needed to be replaced. Scanning the VW ads at the time had \$200 US for an NOS master cylinder which was not attractive, so an NOS rebuild kit was found at CLAY SMITH's Bus Emporium (Das Bulli Haus) at a more reasonable price. Disassembly requires some thought and actually an old bus parts manual was used to assist in the process. Once the master cylinder was completely apart it was cleaned out and re-assembled. The new rubber seals were mounted on the metal piston by hand (no sharp pointy screwdrivers here!) using a heat gun and liquid soap. This was then thoroughly cleaned and dried to remove any soap residue and reassembled. The master was then remounted in the bus and the whole bleeding routine done again. We now have brakes, Houston!

I believe I mentioned 195-14 Yokohama tires back in one of my original articles as my tire of choice for this project. A slight change of plans here! I kept the same size and make but had the opportunity to switch these for Light Truck tires. This gives me a 6-ply sidewall instead of a passenger tire 4-ply. I have a set of these on my '91 Vanagon and they seem to do the job in reducing the steering effort due to sidewinds. Also, because they are of heavier construction and can carry the proper tire pressure for a fully loaded van they will wear better than using a passenger tire. So spend a few extra bucks and try these out on your next tire purchase! Recommendation for 15" rims was for sticking with '165's for some reason. I think the maximum size for 14" rims mentioned was 205's and they sure do look wide plus cool factor on a bus. Can't remember why I didn't go a size larger.

Hot VW's a long time ago had an article on bus handling in the mid to late '80s and recommended KYB gas shocks. Have installed a set of these and will see how this handles with the tires on a full load to the campsite.



This story first appeared in Old Bus Review #10 (November/December 1989). In the spirit of celebrating the 10th Anniversary of NEATO this year, we hope you'll enjoy it again.

Our Anniversary

By Marek Zebrowski

Can you ever imagine getting a gift from your Bus? No, really—I mean it—a gift from what many less sensitive souls would see as an inanimate object? Hmmm. . . interesting. . . peculiar, you might say, or mumble something to that effect. And yet, I assure you, it happened.

As with all stories, this one too had a humble beginning. Imagine a small suburban house and a gray cement garage, freestanding in the back yard. Rotted remains of the wooden doors long missing revealed the 1965 blue-and-white Bus I came to see. Yes, it was for sale. No, it wasn't running. "Electrical problems," said the owner with a sigh betraying years of frustration. On the other hand, I was ecstatic.

My first visit to the States took place during the summer of 1968 and included, among many other attractions, one I would never forget: a week-long trip from Massachusetts to Maine that included lots of miles in a blue-and-white VW Bus. Ever since then, my childhood dream was to one day own just such a Bus. It seemed to me like the friendliest, most versatile automobile ever made—just the kind that would make a young car enthusiast lose his cool when arguing the pros and cons of vehicle design with his friends. Now then, on this early spring day some 12 years ago, here I was looking at practically the same kind of Bus!

My mind was already made up, but we went through the motions anyway.

"So, it isn't running?"

"Yeah," said Jeff, a student owner, with a trace of disgust.

"What about the interior?" (It was in very good original condition, the middle bench, however, was missing.)

"Oh, I've got that seat somewhere in the basement."

"Fine. And what about the engine?"

"Second."

"Transmission?"

"Still the original one."

"Right. What are you asking?" (The body was in perfect condition—a California Bus with Livermore dealership plates.)

"\$450."

I drew a deep breath and paced around the Bus trying to look thoughtful. "Will you accept \$300?"

"Take it," was the brisk answer in

which I sensed relief. And now the Bus was mine!

I must say that the electrical problems have plagued me for a long time. Yes, I got the bus running, eventually replaced the engine with a used one first, then, more recently with a good rebuilt one. I also have a new transmission and scores of other parts that were needed to keep the Bus going.

Although grudgingly sometimes, it went along with me up and down the East Coast in all seasons and with all kinds of cargo. I cannot think of more pleasant beach picnics than the ones in which my Bus and I have participated. Or a more convenient vehicle for trips to the NY airports to see my cousins off to Europe, laden with huge boxes and trunks filled to capacity. Or winter driving down the turnpike, wind whistling past and trying to blow me across the lanes as I huddled, wrapped in blankets, tightly clutching the steering wheel and peering through the darkness beyond the pale yellowish lights cast by the 6 volt headlamps. Not to mention the countless moving jobs for myself, my relatives and my friends. All these experiences made me feel closer to my Bus, respecting its needs and accepting its whims.

With the passage of years, the advanced age of my Bus has manifested itself in several rather subtle ways. First, my Bus developed a great liking for a hair dryer. His old bones after the first chill of the season required a few minutes of hot air and gentle persuasion to fire up nicely after turning the key. Then, as miles rapidly kept piling up, my Bus simply refused to start if it

Our Anniversary continued next page +



Cletus Riedel

didn't feel like going. Rather than bow to the inevitable pressure to reduce my driving, I devised all kinds of schemes to make it go. My neighbors were amazed sometimes to see me push the Bus down my driveway (unfortunately it is level), and then, in mid-flight, jump in the cab and drive away. My trips required a grand strategy then—I could only go to garages with ramps or park on streets in such spots from which a push start was possible.

Sensing my determination, the Bus would continue trying to circumvent my driving places. Snapping the clutch cable twice in one year recently, for example. Or, snapping a throttle cable one midnight on Route 128 (here I opened up the carburetor and left it stuck open at something like 2000 rpm and switching between 2nd and 3rd gears finally reached the safety of my garage with some delay). Then, turn signals refusing to blink when the headlights were on. (Ah, but I remembered the hand signals required for the driver's license test). And so on.

Please don't think for a moment that ours was an adversarial relationship. Oh no! Rather, it was like a capricious child, this Bus of mine that required constant proofs of my devotion.

—New transmission??

—Fine.

—Tires??

—Sure.

—Generator, headlights, bumper, front windscreen (as it leaked)??

—All replaced!

—A diagnostic check-up? Cosmetics to improve your appearance?

—There!!

Finally, my Bus was pleased. Just in time, too, as I started to wonder out loud whether I should keep it!

And here is the great proof that indeed, this inanimate object did express gratitude for all the attention I gave it and suffering it brought me over the years.

One day some months ago I drove down from Boston to Newport, R.I., for a day. It was sunny, pleasant morning, just the kind of weather Buses like to have for a good exercise. Rolling along Route 24 southbound at a steady 55 mph I was contemplating how nice it was to be so fortunate in having a vehicle like this for just such a trip, when I suddenly felt compelled to look at my speedometer very closely. It still held a solid 55. But all the digits on the odometer had vanished! The last one was just turning into a big fat zero! And then, as I looked, there were all zeros, five of them in fact, and nothing else all the way to the left! Two hundred thousand miles!! I felt my pulse quicken and my throat was dry.

It is never far from the slow lane to the breakdown lane, so I pulled over and stopped to think about this important milestone, this amazing anniversary.

"Anniversary," I thought to myself, suddenly remembering the date. . . it was my thirty-fifth birthday. Sweat beading on my forehead, I could hardly think. . . my dear old Bus. . . remembered.

Hundreds of cars kept streaming by, oblivious to this important moment in our lives. . .

Interesting, peculiar, you might say, or mumble something to that effect. And yet, it happened.



Regular Chapter Meetings

Albuquerque, New Mexico: Route 66 Splits invites you to join us at Mannies Restaurant (Central & Girard, right on Route 66), the last Wednesday of each month, 7 PM. Info: (505) 281-3269.

Vallejo, California: The Split Bus Club meets the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30 PM. Call for location: (510) 724-0470.

Redlands, California: third Wednesday of the month: Vintage Transporter Owners meets at Giovanni's Pizza, Redlands. 6:30 PM. Info: Johnny Salazar, (909) 389-9477.

San Gabriel, California: 1st Sunday of the month: Box on Wheels meets: Chano's Mexican Food, San Gabriel, California, on Las Tunas Drive. Info: Daniel, (800) 809-4560 (voice mail).

Portland, Oregon: Flat Four Transporters meets first Wednesday of the month at Flying Pie Pizza, 7804 SE Stark, Portland. 7:30 PM. Contact Burt Reif, (503) 235-9219.

Dallas, Texas: Lone Star Transporter Assn. meets second Sunday of each month, 3:30 PM, at Memories, 2102 Morriss Road, Flower Mound (near Lewisville, Tex.). Info: (800) 685-0619.

Arlington, Texas: Metroplex Micros meets 2nd Monday of every month at Snappy Tomato Pizza, Arlington. Info: (817) 267-6905.

Seattle, Washington: first Wednesday of the month: Cascade Kombis meets at Northgate Station Roundtable Pizza, 9895 1st Ave., NE, Seattle. 7 PM. Info: (206) 783-1779.

Memphis, Tennessee: Tennessee Transporters usually meet on the first Tuesday of each month at various locations. Info: Billy Montiel, (901) 377-8235.

Tempe, Arizona: SWATO meets last Sunday of each month: Denny's Restaurant, Priest and Broadway, Tempe, Az. 7 PM. Info: (602) 917-5714.

Coming Events

December

14 (California): Celebrate the Holidays with the Split Bus Club. A tradition for generations! Gary, (510) 724-0470.

15 (Texas): Christmas Party at Metroplex Micros, 2661 Carrington Lane, Grand Prairie. Andy, (972) 606-8465.

March, 1997

1-2 (Texas): Micros & Mountain Bikes Campout, Cedar Hill State Park. RSVP by 4/31. (817) 267-6905, or (972) 606-8465.

April

26-27 (Texas): Germanfest, Muenster, Tex. (817) 267-6905, or (972) 606-8465.

Please note: This is not a complete listing of VW events. The emphasis is on NEATO or other bus club-sponsored events. Please contact sponsors for further information and to confirm dates/locations (changes can happen!).

Event organizers: Send notice of your plans early so Bus People worldwide can make their plans!



THE SWAP AREA

Did you turn here first? Put your "For Sale," "Wanted," etc., in writing and mail to the address below and it will be published here. Classified ads are **free**, and will be run for one issue only, unless renewed. Deadline for submitting ads for next *OBR* is

December 31st.

Write to: *Old Bus Review*
P.O. Box 4190
Albuquerque, NM 87196

E-Mail: neato@rt66.com

Display Advertisers Please Note: *Old Bus Review* accepts advertising. Rates are \$18 per issue for business card sized ad, \$36 per issue for quarter-page ad, \$60 per issue for half-page ad (other advertising options are available). Ads should be "camera ready" and mailed to address above.

"**NOS**" means New Old Stock, new parts manufactured or distributed by Volkswagen.

"**OEM**" means Original Equipment Manufacturer.

For Sale: 1955 Single Cab, rough condition, no engine, no semaphores in slots, no taillights or reflectors, no 16" wheels. \$1500 OBO. Dave, (206) 884-3908 eves, WA.

For Sale: '58 Westfalia Deluxe/Export model, 1 of 4 originals known to exist. Comp. Westfalia package minus correct wood slat rack. All wood int. w/cabinets, table & benches. Mint side tent. Westfalia dated red propane tank dated 10/30/57 which runs optional stove & fridge. Eberspacher gas heater, perf. cond., dated '58. Correct bumpers, doors, etc. Semaphores, brake light deck lid. New tires, brakes, shocks. Motor runs but is tired. Common rust in rockers fixed by amateur. \$3200 obo, will consider trades. Looking for pre-'64 sunroof Bug or conv. to be used as a driver, not show car. Photos avail. Todd, (419) 531-2954. Ohio.

For Sale: 1959 Kombi. Daily driver. Original! Super solid with pictures to prove it. Have 36hp engine to go with it. Plus, has ultra-rare 3-piece sliding window behind drivers seat. Just finished complete brake job! Possible delivery and/or trade. Zac, (402) 346-1425, NE.

For Sale: '59 Single Cab, 40hp, comp. w/headlights, taillights, bumpers, seats reupholstered, runs gd. May nd. brake work. New: exhaust, 6-volt gen., rubber windshield seals, carb, plugs, points, cap, rotor, condenser, wires, etc. Vy. straight. \$2200 OBO. Dave, (206) 884-3908 eves, WA.

Vintage Parts Inc.



ENGINE, EXHAUST
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For Sale (2 Vehicles & Heater): '61 Camper. Dove blue. Orig. American camper kit. Rust-free restored body. New 40 hp engine and much else. Too much new to list. Exc. cond., great driver. Send \$2 for color xeroxes and complete write-up. Asking \$6500. '56 Beetle, strato Silver. Fully restored to show condition. New 36 hp this year. Great driver. No rust anywhere. Send \$2 for color xeroxes and complete write-up. Asking \$7500. S-W 6-volt gas heater for Bug. Sold through VWoA. Very good cond., \$200. Bob Freeman; 9406 Moran Rd.; Bainbridge Island, WA 98110. (206) 842-8266, eves. (keep trying).

For Sale: 1962 European Kombi. Dove blue, steering lock, kilo speedo, like new inside & out. \$1500 paint job. \$6000. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: 1962 Deluxe 23-window. Project car, rust in usual spots, most parts there. \$1100, OBO. Other VW parts available. Call with needs. Gerald (510) 559-7868, CA.

For Sale: Parting out '62 Deluxe hardtop w/terminal rust. Actually it might be savable, but it would take heroic effort & buckets of cash. All Deluxe trim is present & most pieces are in gd. cond.; middle & rear seats; corner windows; jail bars; front & rear bumpers (rear has been cut/welded so it's ugly but trim pieces are nice); front VW emblem is just OK (4 drilled small holes for screws); ashtrays, clock rough but isn't broken; engine & tranny are in pieces but maybe there's something useful in there; & anything else I can unbolt, pop off, cut, or tear off the carcass. For '67 bus: comp. pr. headlight buckets, heat exchangers. David, (605) 697-2426 weekdays, or (605) 692-8798 weekends/evenings.

For Sale (Vehicles & Parts): 1963 Single Cab, many new parts, engine runs, good gates. 1963 Single Cab, for parts or restoration. 3-door for parts, no title. Bug & Bus parts for sale, some 36hp parts, Bus transaxle & front end, steering box. Mike, (573) 295-6181 or (573) 295-4774.

For Sale (Vehicle & Parts): '63 Westy. Fold down front seat model. Body straight. Has many parts. Nds. floor, motor, camper kit. \$450. Deluxe vent trim, \$100; '56-earlier cargo door restored, \$75; deluxe bumpers, \$175; glass bug tail lights, \$100/pr. John (214) 887-8799.

For Sale: 1963 Single Cab w/Ford 2000cc engine (not running). Engine may need to be replaced with fresh motor but all adapting has been done. Fairly straight truck with cut wells. Red paint is faded. \$1000 OBO. Dave, (206) 884-3908 eves, WA.

For Sale (2 Vehicles): 1964 Kombi with factory ragtop. No interior, some rust in floor area. All glass & body panels, extra dash. No engine, needs resto. Rare. \$2200 OBO. 1959 23-window, no interior, has been cut into walk-thru. Minor rust, no engine, very restorable, needs love. \$2500 OBO. Jerry Jess (602) 867-7672 or Eric Lussier (602) 234-3598.

For Sale: 1966 21-window, non-walk-thru. New paint, interior, needs work. \$4000. (717) 396-9116, PA.

For Sale: '66 Bus, exc. shape, no rust, 68,000 orig. miles. Runs great, just smogged, complete & original. \$4500 obo, Adam, (408) 774-9501.

Trade: Will trade '66 Sundial Camper, walk-through, 6-volt, exc. orig. int., new brakes, motor—daily driver. Need '67-'71 stock Crew Cab of equal value. Dave, (702) 727-4941. Nevada.

For Sale: Van body, 1966. Body in good shape, trans bad, no int. \$300 OBO. Camper pop-top, 1966, w/hardware & roof section, no canvas, \$200 OBO. Camper interior ('69-'70), backseat, wardrobe, table, seat behind driver & hardware, \$75 OBO. Walt, (210) 905-2774, TX.

For Sale: 1966 Deluxe (non sunroof) walk-thru. Super straight, white/blue paint faded, no middle seat, half of rear seat, new upholstery on front seats is white, new headlights, needs headliner and interior panels and carpet redone. Have brand new complete brake system, including wheel cylinders, master cylinder, rubber brake lines, shoes (front and rear). Also, from Wolfsburg West, new metal for complete passenger or cargo area, both rockers, battery tray, passenger side front floor, also new elephant ear mirrors, mud flaps. Two big-nut transmissions, no engine yet. \$2500 OBO. Dave (206) 884-3908 eves, WA.

For Sale: 1967 Westfalia, '91 restoration. Walk-thru, new pop-top seal, exc. Canvas, 1600 DP, runs exc., two tone green & white. Very nice. \$4000. (717) 396-9116, PA.

For Sale: 1967 Westfalia hardtop. Walk-thru, daily driver. Velvet Green. Very nice throughout. \$3500. (717) 396-9116, PA.

For Sale: 1967 Westi Pop-Top Camper. Stored since 1974, documented 100,000 original miles, white, German side tent, wood roof top rack. Mint, show quality. All mechanicals gone over and replaced. Travel ready! Joe, (516) 221-4083.

For Sale (Multiple Vehicles): 1968 Bus; new tires, clutch, exhaust, full-length camper seat, 40k miles on a Transform Freeway Flier transaxle; no other camping interior, have all receipts and partial title history; \$900. 1984 Rabbit; 2-door, minor front end damage, needs radiator, 129k miles, runs great, \$900. '71 Beetle floor pan; good cond., have clear title to match, \$100. Rail Buggy; titled & street legal, needs engine, \$600. Also, used parts, toys & models. Rick, (314) 488-5256, Jonesburg, MO.

For Sale: 1953 Deluxe bug, Ch. #501313, super original shape, 25hp, ribbed semaphores, 103,000 km. Only 2 German owners. Have original German title. Call for more details. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: '62 & '65 Bugs. Bob (805) 736-1474, (805) 736-0662 (work).

For Sale: 1967 Conv., good body, needs floor work & top. \$1100. (717) 396-9116, PA.

For Sale (4 Vehicles): '74 Porsche 914, 2 liter, rough but all there. '61 Porsche 356B minus motor, rough but also all there. Two '73 Super Beetles, good motors, some rust. Accepting reasonable offers. Joe, (941) 357-0125, after 5:30 PM EST or on weekends. Fla.

For Sale: Loads of pre-'68 Bus parts. Call for free list. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: VW postcards & posters. Full color and imported from Germany, all variations of pre-'68 Transporters included as well as Bug & Ghia. Two Bus sets available at \$17 for each set of 21, or 90 cents ea. Small posters are 12"x16" and are \$9 ea., and the 20"x28" are \$14 ea. Add \$1 per 25 postcards and \$2 for every 2 posters for S&H. SASE for full list. Write: John Melville, 106 Ridge St. #4D, New York, NY 10002, or e-mail: jm2715@tribeca.ios.com

For Sale: Pop-up camper fiberglass w/hardware; ice-box (non-walk-through). You pick up. Don, (703) 522-1696. Va.

For Sale: '65-'67 Westy interior parting out. Wood slat roof rack, washer bottles, ash trays, horn buttons, lights, switches, etc. Crank nuts, tents. NOS parts: turn signal switch 211 953 513E, engine lid stays. pre-'63 211 827 361, pre-'58 front bumpers, '66-'67 front bumper. Todd, (419) 531-2954. Ohio.

For Sale: NOS parts: 211 255 715A - to ch #1 306 307 50 mm dia. heat flex tube connects body to heater box, \$15; 1961-'62 40hp metal fuel line from fuel pump to carb, \$6 ea.; '56-'59 Karmann Ghia tail light lens with bezel, \$145; 211 953 162 B left 'fried egg' turn signal lens \$50; 211 945 421G SWF tail light lens ('62-'71) \$19; deck lid style glass brake light lens, red, \$50; seal for square westy pop-top, \$80; '59-'63 panel van cargo door handle, \$50. Mike or Clara, (360) 866-7240.

For Sale: Good used parts: Safari window set comp., including all dash tabs, screws, weld-on brackets etc. The pivots are repro '65-'67 style, all else is orig. German. Unrestored, \$475; '56-'58 front bumper \$90; mid-'57-'61 tail lights (round w/glass lenses) show quality \$160 for pair, good used ones w/cracked lenses \$65 pair; flat glass taillight for '55-'57 semaphore bus \$80; barn-door bus spare tire tray \$80; bd footrest \$20; bd removable floor plate \$20; 25hp heads, need rebuilding, \$60 pair; round top oil cooler—early type, \$25; 25hp generator band, \$40; 36hp carb, \$40; crank handle for '54-'59 bus, \$45; metal dash grab handle '55-'59, \$25; '65-'67 windshield washer bottle w/good top \$65; dash grab handle, white ends, '65-'67; \$15; dash grab handle, black ends, '62-'64; \$10; bulb holder for two bulb (Euro style) taillight, '62-'67, \$25 pair; accessory gas gauge dated 2/61, \$20; 6V clock \$15; radio block out plate \$20; sliding window latches for laminated glass, \$10 ea.; '62-'67 pop out window latches \$5 ea.; '67 only cargo door handle, very nice, \$50; sun visors: '55-'60 grey or beige hardboard, \$10; '55-'58 deluxe w/chrome, \$35; grey vinyl ('62-'64) or white vinyl ('65-'67); \$15 ea. Call w/your wants, we have many more splittie parts. Clara & Mike, (360) 866-7240.

"I Did My Bit and Saved a Split" window stickers. 2" x 11" stick-on-inside type. Blue letters on white with front view of a splittie. Produced by the Split Screen Van Club in Great Britain, these stickers are truly neat-o! \$3, postpaid. Make check payable to "NEATO." NEATO; P.O. Box 4190; Albuquerque, NM 87196. (505) 268-2220.

FREE VW Locator Service: We will find a buyer or sell your bus for FREE. Melissa & Jerry Jess; 3121 East Yucca St.; Phoenix, AZ 85028. (602) 867-7672.

Bus Rust Repair Panels: Our panels may cost a little more, but you can spend the money and time you'll save in body shop costs on the open road enjoying your bus! Our high quality, fitted panels LAST and require no major refabrication. Das Bulli Haus • 18 Ward Lane • North Franklin, CT 06254 • (860) 642-7242.

For Sale: Foxcraft fender skirt restoration parts, all prices postpaid: Excellent repro rubber "welting" (need about 5' per skirt), \$2/ft; excellent repro attachment clips (custom fabbed bolt & wing nut, copy of orig., \$28/set of 4 or \$7.50 ea. Other stuff (all prices postpaid): "Air-cooled VWs at Time Machines '96" commemorative dash plaques, \$1 each. Original 1961 VW Beetle sales brochure: "Why is a Volkswagen like no other car on the road?," 8 1/2 x 11, 18 pages, w/foldout, exc., have two, \$20 ea. Front bumper fascia from '90 Corrado, used, v. good cond., \$50 (will not ship). Steve Mierz, P.O. Box 3353, Stony Creek, CT 06405, (203) 481-1930 (pls leave msg). E-mail: CommonGear@aol.com

For Sale: S.W gas heater for Bus, rebuilt, looks new, \$375. '65 Bug motor, 92,000 miles, \$100. Sun windows & corner windows for '63 Bus; Deluxe Bus trim pieces. '70 Bus transmission. Tom, (802) 763-5998, 'til 8 PM EST. Royalton, Vt.

For Sale: Parts: Late model IRS Type 1 transaxle. Front & side doors from '64 bus, no paint or door panels. Back bumper from "old" bus, really bad shape, patched holes for bug tailpipe extension plus bondo, but good one for a beater bus (better than no bumper, eh?). (918) 834-7691, OK.

For Sale: Parts: German Westi tent complete. Westi roof rack, \$300. New 5-lug rear drums, bus, \$70/pr (10 PCs.). Westi chemical toilet, \$150. Trucker lower cargo door, early, \$150. Truck lower cargo door, late bubble windshield, NOS, \$250. 25hp motor, NOS case w/all parts. '59 and earlier ribbed rear bumpers, NOS. Various piston/cylinder sets, German, 1200-1500. (516) 221-4083, NY.

For Sale: '67 Type 2 fuel gauge, works, \$35. NOS Marvel Inverse Oiler Model Q, 1-quart size in box, for Judson Supercharger, \$150. VW clock cleaning & repair, \$25 per clock, includes return postage. Round regulator, checked out by shop, works, \$90. Part #VW151.203, Type 2 trucker-look outside mirror, NOS in box, \$100. Type 2 mid-seat hold-down clamps, \$8/ea. Ambulance fan, works, \$180. Oil fill & drain tube, 1954-55 bug/bus, \$50. Type 2 '64-67 window washer bottle, good used cond. w/NOS rubber top, \$110. Hazet #2523-77 mm ring compressor, \$35. Hazet #2523-85.5mm ring compressor, \$35. Swamp Cooler, rear seat type, fits bug, bus or Ghia, \$100. Barndoor front doors, \$150/ea. Original factory Safari frames with latches, assorted hardware and one NOS rubber seal, no glass, \$550/pr. Strap over air cleaner for 1954-55, \$200. Phone (360) 754-6174.

For Sale: Westy roof rack, straight & complete with tags (plates). Wood is good enough to be refinished. Comes with canvas cover, orig. option. Has little leather straps all around to fit rack. Would like \$700 for both, will talk. Nice, nice, nice. Page Dave at: (617) 339-7295. Or write: Dave Blakney; P.O. Box 398088; Cambridge, MA 02139.

For Sale: Complete, disassembled 36hp engines from '57, '59, '60. They need main & rod bearings, exhaust valves & guides, piston rings, lifters, \$250/ea; German Bug Body: front and rear lids, very good to excellent, call for price; Karmann Ghia front hood, \$55; Pre-'62 Bug hood hinges & holdup, \$25; Pre-'62 Bug spare tire repair panel includes washer bottle area, VW panel, \$90; front and rear clips from a '62 Bug, \$35/ea. Repair panels: Type 1 ball joint beam shock tower, \$20/pr; Bug '68 and up R inner rocker, \$20; smooth semaphores (excellent), \$350/pr; semaphore holder panels, \$100/pr; restored gas tanks, Bug & Bus. Roof Racks: Bug wood slat (restored) \$500; Type 3 steel, \$60. Type 1 king pin beam; Type 1 brake drums. Type 1 transaxles: crash box, \$300; split case, \$250; tunnel, \$150. 1200cc (40hp) engine cases, \$50; 1300cc engine case, \$60. Restored steering wheels through '71, \$100 to \$175. Early 36mm gen. wrench, flat steel stamping, \$50. Bug & Bus jacks, \$10. 12.5 pound lightened 200mm flywheels, \$65; 180mm lightened flywheels available, call first. 18 genuine VW Workshop Manuals, call/write for particulars. 10 new VW Workshop Manual binders, \$5/ea. Karmann Ghia coupe & cabriolet rear seats, NOS & used; Ghia coupe NOS 70s black vinyl rear seat material. Ghia 50s NOS black fabric for front cushion and rear cushion. NOS & used Karmann Ghia seats, fabric & interior items, call/write for listing. Karmann Ghia exterior mirrors & parts: '66 left, very good used, \$40; '66 right, NOS, \$75; '56 to '65 original, rechromed, new glass, \$110; exterior mirror mounting bases, complete, v/good used, \$10. REPRODUCTION: 100,000 km badge, \$5.75; 100,000 km St. Chris. Set, \$10.75. LARGE 55 cent postage SASE for list. Thanks. Jim (NEATOad4) Siegfried, 5705 Gordon Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17112. (717) 540-9972 evenings 6-10p.m. EST.

For Sale: Vintage Collection Trading Cards, engraved metal cards with beautiful images of vintage Type 2's (ambulance, deluxe, Westfalia, fire truck, panel, single cab, high roof, with more to come). Highly collectible! Info: DG Enterprises; 43155 N. Sierra Hwy., Suite #24; Lancaster, CA 93534. (805) 945-5622.

For Sale: Disc brake front axle for '71-'79 Bus, rust-free, \$100 obo. Also, complete Westfalia camper int. for '76, \$150. (219) 672-3658. Indiana.

For Sale: Vanagon headlight/driving light Lexan covers, \$70; '68-'79 bus chromed VW logo, \$45; 4-14" Jetta/Golf III wheel covers, \$20; A/C compressor from '87 Scirocco, \$60; '81-'84 Rabbit dashboard trim plate, \$10; waterproof cover for Scirocco II, \$75; bag of assorted VW model badges, all for \$10; pre-1967 Beetle engine cover (from JC Whitney), \$10; spiral bound Muir Idiot Book, \$15; Clymer Beetle service manual, \$5; leather wrapped 4-spoke steering wheel with hub adapter (marked 16V) new, \$125. Frank, (518) 465-0477.

For Sale: 1965 Westy interior nice shape, loads of parts, seats, bumpers, lights, glass, 1966 Kombi. \$3200. Ron (914) 245-2294, NY.

For Sale: Looking for a cool piece of VW artwork? I have designed a collage piece based on Reutter's brochure work. Full color 18" X 24", Beetle or Bus. Prints are \$9 ea. or \$15 for both. Also custom framing at wholesale cost. (916) 677-3045. C. Clougher, 3001 Shingle Springs Dr., Shingle Springs, CA 95682.

For Sale: Jerome Posters: Nice shot of '93 Jamboree, \$5 ea. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: Vintage Toys: Auto-Dux set #620 w/oval bug & pickup-Kombi, \$400; Stena rubber oval bug, \$40; Dux split window beetle, \$295; Taiyo Bump-N-Go MIB-red, \$95; Bandai Bump-N-Go beetle MIB-blue, \$150; Corgi Safari Beetle w/Rhino MIB, \$250; Bodirsky split window beetle bottle, \$150; PMC Karmann Ghia cream w/turquoise int., \$65; Budgie Kombi MOC, \$40; IMPY Roadmaster deluxe bus, \$50; Dux plastic Notchback, \$70; Revell deluxe bus kit, \$200; Marklin ADAC Type 3 Squareback, \$65; Marklin Polizei Type 3 Squareback, \$65; Tomte-Laidal 6-1/2" vinyl pickup, \$65; HC 9" battery operated Porsche 914 MIB, \$35; K-O battery operated tin beetle, \$75. Frank, (518) 465-0477.

For Sale: VW Toys: Flying Wing VW logo hood ornament, replica of rare New Zealand item, anodized aluminum, \$175. Custom license plates—standard size rectangular, white reflective background w/red or blue lettering: SPLITTY, MY BUS, KOOLBUS, VWTREND, OUR BUS, KOOL VW, OLD BUS, HOT VW, OVAL, WESTY, OVALRAG, \$6/ea. Hong Kong—set of 6 1950's cars w/10 road signs, includes split window Bug, & split screen Single Cab pickup, HO scale plastic, these are old stock from 1950's on the original card, only \$20/set. Solido—Split Screen Van, 1/43 scale diecast, dark blue & yellow Michelin w/Michelin Man on roof, \$18. Corgi—Split Screen Van, 1/43 scale diecast, blue & yellow "Corgi Collectors Club '92", \$12. Lledo—Split Screen Van, 3-1/2" long diecast, blue Pepsi-Cola limited edition w/wreath, Santa & Pepsi logo, \$15; yellow Bosch, \$12; blue Cizano, \$12; off-white 7-Up, \$15. Hammer—1960's 3" plastic split screen van, commemorative for Southwest Bug-In I, 25 made, each numbered, only couple left, \$20 ea. Large selection Hot VWs (1968-1996) & VW Trends magazines (1984-1996); call or send list of wants. Add \$6 per order for shipping. Send \$1 for our 18-page illus. catalog of VW items. If you phone your order to us & say NEATO—10% discount! Melissa & Jerry Jess, 3121 East Yucca St., Phoenix, AZ 85028-2616. Phone/fax: (602) 867-7672.

For Sale: Owners manuals: NOS Jan. '61, Aug. '61, Feb. '63, '60-'64. Mint condition. \$75 ea. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: WARNDREICK: German road hazard sign. Triangular shape with red reflector. Stands up with folding legs. Carries in red case. Like new & a bit rare. \$75. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

VW Toys For Sale: Hundreds of obsolete Volkswagen toys, models, books, and other cool stuff! For a free copy of my latest list, call or write to: Jed Slezewski; P.O. Box 17; Pulaski, WI 54162. (414) 822-8166.

For Sale: Wear the NEATO plate on your bus. Red w/white background. I have a few left, \$6, postpaid. Foreign orders add \$4. Mark Upton, 2384 11th St., Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44221, USA. Phone: (330) 928-5637.

Reproduction Dormobile Roof Vents: Correct color & fit. Predrilled. \$125/pair + freight. Susan, (206) 972-0851.

For Sale: Literature: '50 bus sales brochure w/gold & green panel Reuter drawing on front, in German, folds out to about 2-1/2 feet to show other models & illustrations. \$400 OBO. '61 German map by VW showing hiways & biways & Autobahn plus VW symbol showing every dealership in West Germany. Also alphabetical listing of every dealership & city or town it resided in. \$200. Dave, (206) 884-3908 eves, WA.

For Sale: 1950 Sales booklet (copy), 14 pages. Shows barndoor & splits, \$5 ea. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

For Sale: '67 Bus trans, NO problems, inc. axles & reduction boxes, \$150. '67 Bus front beam, good K&L pins, comp. to drums; just touch up black paint & install it, \$250. Also have good '63 Bus front beam & trans, \$250 for both. New in the wrapper, WCM front floor mat for '58-'67 Bus, \$45. Bob, (716) 795-3569, or e-mail: BusNutBob@aol.com

For Sale: Large inventory of used & NOS '67 and earlier Bus parts. Also; panel replacement, rust repair, collision damage repair services offered. Call with your needs or for technical advice. The Bus Stop; Charlie Hamill; P.O. Box 755, Westminster, CA 92683. (714) 892-5293.

1996 NEATO/Split Screen Van Club/Bulli-Kartei Calendars. We still have a handful left. Yes, the year is almost gone, but this collectible calendar will be a treasure forever (and there are no plans to produce another next year). \$10.95 postpaid to US & Canada. Slightly more for postage overseas. NEATO; P.O. Box 4190; Albuquerque, NM 87196. (505) 268-2220.

Attention Westfalia Owners: tons of info in every issue of Camp Box News. Parts, stories, classifieds. For a free sample newsletter, send .32¢ stamp. CBN is a bi-monthly newsletter & club/annual dues \$10. 1728 Evansdale, Toledo, OH 43607-1407. (419) 531-2954

Deluxe Microbus Plastic Beading: Red, dark (velvet) green, light (turquoise) green, blue & black. Reproduced exactly as original to fit in beltline moulding. Send \$25 check for 50 feet to: Craig Seabrook; 14444 Watt Road; Novelty, OH 44072. (216) 338-5950.

For Sale: Perfect middle seat from '67 Bus. \$250, plus shipping. Jeff, (401) 539-6087. RI.

Travel & Camp the Great Southwest—in the comfortable and easy-to-drive VW Vanagon Westfalia Camper. Airport pick-up. Friendly and knowledgeable staff. Roamin' Holiday, VW Camper Rentals (Albuquerque & Phoenix): (800) 969-8040. (E-mail: roamin@rt66.com).

For Sale: The Bus Barn has moved! Early Parts Special: rebuilt 26 VFIS carb, \$100. Rebuilt '53 & earlier "smooth" fuel pump, \$130—\$200 for both. 25/36 hp screw terminal oil pressure switches, NOS German, \$12 ea. or \$100 for box of ten. 36 hp heater box flaps, NOS, \$10 pr. Same for 40 hp, \$5 pr. Heater control cables, German, \$7.50 ea. Split case trans nose cone mounts, NOS, \$15 ea. 211 857 551A, sun visor bases, NOS '64-'67, \$30 pr. 2 16" wheels, Type 2, dated 6/51, early style, straight! \$130 ea. Lots of '50-'67 Bus stuff, NOS & good used. Please send stamp for updated parts list. Mark Lapriore, P.O. Box 11091, Eugene, OR 97440. Or call: (541) 484-4329.

Lost Highways is a club (1400 members), an archive and a glossy magazine devoted to life in wheels (trailers, motor homes, auto camping) 1920's to 1970's. Sample issue \$6, Groove satisfaction guaranteed! Lost Highways, PO Box 43737, Phila., PA 19106. (215) 925-2568.

Wanted: 1960 VW Panel Van, sealing wax red color. Just like the one in the magazine ad! All original straight & mechanically correct. Will pay for quality. Michael, (203) 458-2829, CT.

Wanted: Please help. I need Deluxe exterior trim for '64-'67 bus; radio face plate for Sapphire I, '64-'67 bus; white knobs for radio; rear bumper for '64-'67 bus; Deluxe walk-thru middle seat (short). Also need information, if anyone has it, on hinge repair for pop-out side windows. Chris Voedisch, 66 Port Tack, Hilton Head, SC 29928, (803) 785-6366.

Wanted: For '56 Single Cab: Pair of NOS doglegs and rust-free side cargo door. Arthur Cote III, 49 Southgate St., Worcester, MA 01603, (508) 756-9567.

Wanted: Looking for a few good Campers: 1986 and newer Westfalias, anywhere in North America. Need to be in above average condition. Also, consider consigning your late-model Westfalia with us for rental income. Roamin' Holiday, VW Camper Rentals (Albuquerque & Phoenix): (800) 969-8040.

Wanted: '66 or earlier camper. No projects. It's for Melissa & I to travel in. Jerry Jess, 3121 E. Yucca, Phoenix, AZ 85028. (602) 867-7672.

Wanted: Glass, ribbed bumpers, middle seat, rear reflector and other miscellaneous parts for a '56 microbus. Call evenings or weekends, (918) 438-3641 or (918) 367-6053. Leave message.

Wanted: Canvas canopy for 1956 Single Cab. Prefer NOS or excellent reproduction. Will consider any condition. James, (206) 746-3164, WA.

Wanted: 1/43 Bus Toys. Tomica-Gama, whatever. (516) 221-4083, NY.

Wanted: Sun Dial information, any and all photos or copies. Howie, (818) 878-1451, CA.

Wanted: Desperately looking for a middle & rear seat for a 1956 Deluxe, light brown in color, in any condition! Steve, (306) 242-2387, anytime.

Wanted: EMPI front steps, NOS or nice. Cab divider—will pay right price for the right part! Got any other panel-oriented goodies? Please call, leave message. (904) 433-9372, FL.

Wanted: Middle seat for '65 non-walk-thru. Any cond. Repair manual for same showing gear reduction boxes. Tony, (707) 938-2398, CA.

Wanted: '72-'83 Transporter. Must be in good working mechanical cond. Slight body damage OK. Would like to have a Westy but will consider every bus. Would also nice if it was in the southeast. Wade or Daniel, (334) 834-7592, Montgomery, AL.

Wanted: Window washer bottle; Pump for my '66 Deluxe & a steel roof rack, prefer full length. May consider trade on rack. Daniel, (334) 834-7592, Montgomery, AL.

Wanted: '64-'67 link pin kit for Type 2, 211 498 041 A, German preferred. One good used or NOS Barndoor wiper shaft (longer). Willing to buy these parts outright, or trade for them. Thanks. Mark Lapriore, (541) 484-4329. Eugene, Ore.

Wanted: For 1951 bus: One barndoor wiper shaft, 211.955.741 (NOS or good used); two front door seals (211.839.261) window door to body (piano hinge vent window frame only); for front slider window latches—pieces latch screws screw into. April '51 and earlier front emblem. Mark LaPriore, The Bus Barn: (541) 484-4329, 8 AM-11 PM.

Wanted: Middle seat kick panel in any condition, I need the three holding clips. Craig Seabrook; 14444 Watt Rd.; Novelty, OH 44072. (216) 338-5950.

Wanted: Looking for "Splitty" '61-'67 camper. Bob (805) 736-1474, (805) 736-0662 (work).

Wanted: For '79 Westy, expandable poles only for child's cot, owners manual and Campmobile supplement. (770) 974-7487 or CompuServe 75721,2255.

Wanted: Childs cot with canvas boot for '66 Westfalia; 1960's German camping literature: posters, cards, camp cookery, original stakes & hardware for '66-'67 tent. Bruce, (303) 823-5189. Colo.

Wanted: Owner's Manual for '65 pick-up, other lit. Also, earlier Transporter lit. Steve Gurr; 733 Ridgewood Ave.; Gainesville, GA 30501.

Wanted: Rabbit Truck Enthusiasts, info to share. Tom, (802) 763-5998.

Wanted: Body panel w/gas door for '66 Double Cab, original owners manual, washer bottle (complete), original hoops. All must be in very good to excellent cond. Kevin, (5:30-9:30 p.m. PST), (415) 968-1377.

Wanted: Trade 3 Porsche 356 wheels for 2 KZP series 356 Porsche wheels. One KZP must be dated for 1963. My wheels are clean, repainted silver & have all the hubcap clips. I have 2 Sudrad wheels dated 4/57 & 1 Lemerz wheel dated 12/67. I have a third Sudrad wheel, but it's bent & not repainted. Missing hubcap clips is okay as is mild surface (no pitting) rust. Bent wheels are not desirable. I already have a boat anchor. I could use a few tools for a VW spare tire tool box that I'm restoring. Need all tools 'cept for spark plug wrench & tire lug nut remover tool. And, finally, I have a brand new 1954 Bug workshop manual that I'd like to trade for a 1955/56 workshop manual in new or close-to-new cond. Jim Siegfried, 5705 Gordon Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17112. (717) 540-9972 eves. 6-10p.m. EST. All inquiries answered. Pictures available.

Wanted: Sundial owners to join the Sundial Registry. Also looking for any information or literature on Sundials. All those interested reply to Registry, 409 E. Booneslick Rd., Jonesburg, MO 63351.

Wanted: Rocker moldings, information and parts for the fuel governor between carb and intake, NOS fuel pump, NOS vacuum advance for distributor and a reliable source to service my tranny before I restore my '64 Deluxe. (914) 246-3118, NY or E-mail: Fudny@aol.com.

Wanted: NOS ignition switch (electrical part) for '53 bus. Dane, (915) 855-9706.

Wanted: Tent in very good condition for my '70 Westy. Needs to be '68-'71 vintage. I have a '72-'74 tent in very good condition to trade or sell. Greg, (415) 988-8698, CA.

Wanted: Rear cargo hatch w/o window for '56 Panel. Or rear cargo hatch w/window, no rust, that I can make into one w/o window. Also looking for side cargo doors & two cab doors, no rust for '56 Panel, & full length roof rack for '86 Vanagon. Charles Bennett, (212) 371-1143.

Wanted: Bus Boat, manufactured fiberglass boat that fits on the top of Splittys. Has wheels that run on the drip rails for loading/unloading. Warren (360) 754-6669 or E-mail: dubber@gnn.com.

Wanted: Help—I would really like an aluminum side step, rear engine lid prop & middle seat for my 1959 Kombi. (604) 253-1241 (call collect).

Wanted: '54 or older deluxe Bus. Prefer something pretty solid, but will consider all—even non deluxe for right price. If you are just realizing that your Barndoor project will take more work & money than you thought, sell it to me. After 30 years of building & restoring all variations of VWs I am desperate for one last project, & the ultimate would be a Barndoor Deluxe. Please help. Bob, (716) 795-3569, or e-mail: BusNutBob@aol.com

Wanted: For a '61 Westfalia, I need a toilet and one small piece of the black and red plaid material from the rear seats; about one square foot should do. Also still looking for a nice right side gate for a '67 Double Cab. Always interested in buying Buddy-L Bus toys in any condition. Bob, (716) 795-3569, or e-mail: BusNutBob@aol.com

Wanted: Good used VW Thing vinyl top & side curtains. Also Thing & 914 parts, info & lit. Anybody living in a dome-home or A-Frame? I'm looking for info on alternative housing. Dan (773) 583-8733.

Wanted: Green & white striped tent for '65 Westy. This is one that attaches to brackets on roof & to the bumpers. Clara, (360) 866-7240.

Wanted: My VW was orig. sold by a dealership in Orlando, Fla., named A.J. Pierson VW. I would like to find an original A.J. Pierson chrome license plate frame/holder. Please call me at: (615) 748-2622 (work) if you have one to sell or know where I might find one. Ask for Tim.

Wanted: '67 walk-through passenger seat, used but complete. Really only need good enough fabric for pattern and original horsehair pads for re-upholstery. Help! Mine was moused. Scott Stothers, (204) 822-1437.

Wanted: Jail bar for rear seat to '67 Deluxe Bus, hold down clamps for middle seat, orig. working radio, small metal/wood slat roof rack. Don, (703) 522-1696. Virginia.

Wanted: I need an early '60s or '50s Westfalia interior (the one with two benches face-to-face that make the bed. Comp. or not, any cond. considered. Call or write: Jean-David Tardiff; 285 Mt. Girard Nord; St-Denis de Brompton, Quebec, Canada, JOB 2P0, or (819) 846-0329.

The following are last minute BONUS SURPRISE ads:

For Sale: '65 Deluxe sunroof. Rusty, hit in rear, converted to camper, propane heat. Drove from Chicago to LA in June. Hate to sell but in grad school w/no time, less \$. Sitting in storage. Make a decent offer, I'll throw in character free. To a good home only. John, (310) 444-7193. Please leave message, or e-mail: jgish@agsm.ucla.edu

For Sale: '65 21-window ragtop, 1600 single port that runs great (many new parts). Bus is from Nevada, now in Midwest but stored winters. No rust, some surface filler to straighten only. Storage problems & school tuition force reluctant sale. \$3200/bo (or poss. trade for single or crew cab). Kevin, (608) 273-0168. Wisc.

For Sale: Car Mags—3 for \$5., + post. Hot VW's, '62 & up; VW Trends, '80 & up; Hot Rod, '50 & up. Not cataloged. Dan, (508) 568-8450.

For Sale: Cabinets for '66-'67 Westfalia, non-walkthrough, fair cond., \$150 for all. Ron, (315) 699-3952, or e-mail: RPVW@aol.com

For Sale & Wanted: '65 Westy walk-through int., windows, top & misc. I need '66 21-window int. panels & middle seat, Westy side tent (any style or year). Trades welcome. Dan, (412) 282-0313. Penna.

Wanted: For '55 Barndoor: horn button, front & rear bumpers & brackets, semaphores, grab handle behind front seat, strap over air cleaner. Phone/Fax: (602) 867-7672. Ariz.

For Sale: 80 mph speedo, \$25 ea.; 70 mph speedo w/clear needle, \$35 ea.; 6 v. Type 3 generator, Bosch rebuilt, like new, \$30; split heater system for T1 motor, \$40; Bus oil bath air cleaner, g. used, \$25; lots of misc. Type 2 parts, latches, switches, etc.—inventory growing daily. Lots of 36 hp parts. Also, many doors. Ed, (505) 869-8149, 6-11 PM M-F; Sat, hit or miss; Sun all day. N.M.



NEATO CHAPTERS

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Bulli Boys Transporter Klub

304-257 East Keith Road

North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 1V4 CANADA

Barry Guscott: (604) 734-7383

Kevin Thornton: (604) 985-0093

ONTARIO

Southern Ontario Splits (SOS)

Michelle & Dave Underwood

5 Rectory Street

London, Ontario N5Z 1Z6 CANADA

(519) 432-4958

ARIZONA

Southwest Association of Transporter Owners (SWATO)

Kent Thorpe

P.O. Box 24151; Tempe, AZ 85285

(602) 917-5714

CALIFORNIA

Bay Area Transporter Association

193 Church Street

Mountain View, CA 94041

Brian Gomez: (415) 968-9649

Greg Mattson: (415) 988-8698

Box On Wheels

129 Augustino Road, #B

San Gabriel, CA 91776

Tony Koch: (818) 246-0385

Daniel Lewis: (800) 809-4560

The Sacramento Samba Society

Dean Anderson

P.O. Box 417454; Sacramento, CA 95841

(916) 631-3650

The Split Bus Club

Gary Morgan

2452 O'Hatch Drive; San Pablo, CA 94806

(510) 724-0470

Vintage Transporter Owners

Johnny Salazar

2292 Nice Ave.; Mentone, CA 92359

(909) 389-9477

FLORIDA

Das Kool Bullis

Mike Brown

1698 Nantucket Ct.; Palm Harbor, FL 34683

(813) 733-4318

GEORGIA

Peach State Transporters

Allen Becker

3738 Lockerbie Ln.; Powder Springs, GA 30073

(770) 943-3491

MARYLAND

Mid-Atlantic Micros

Emmett Goldsborough

102 E. Baltimore St.; Taneytown, MD 21787

(410) 756-6134

MICHIGAN/OHIO

Lake Erie Area Kombi Owners

Involvement League (LEAKOIL)

Keith Price: (810) 545-8414 (Michigan)

Bill Webner: (216) 322-9459 (Ohio)

MISSOURI

Kansas City Kombis

Pinkney Newell

4712 N.W. 80th; Kansas City, MO 64151

(816) 587-2838

NEW MEXICO

Route 66 Splits

Cletus Riedel

P.O. Box 695; Cedar Crest, NM 87008

(505) 281-3269

NORTH CAROLINA

Appalachian Split Screens

Neil Pickett

38 Center Street; Candler, NC 28715

(704) 665-1650

Piedmont Area Society of Transporters & VWs (PAST VWs)

Darrel Combs

3121 Wentworth St.; Reidsville, NC 27320

(910) 349-8562

OKLAHOMA

T-Town Transporters, aka The Bus Heads

Pete Sottnik

2519 E. Albany St., Apt. E

Broken Arrow, OK 74012-2111

(918) 258-1401

OREGON

Flat Four Transporters

Burt Reif

2019 SE Hemlock Avenue

Portland, OR 97214

(503) 235-9219

TENNESSEE

Tennessee Transporters

Billy Montiel

2180 Winding Path Drive

Memphis, TN 38133

(901) 377-8235

TEXAS

Lone Star Transporter Association

Dennis Wilson

P.O. Box 584

Princeton, TX 75407

(800) 685-0619

Metroplex Micros

Andy Seitz

2661 Carrington Lane

Grand Prairie, TX 75052

(972) 606-8465, or (817) 267-6905

WASHINGTON

Cascade Kombis

Andy Caro

2444 Soundview Drive

Bainbridge Island, WA 98110

(206) 842-0711

Spokane Split Screens

Greg Lambert

1618 North Atlantic

Spokane, WA 99205

(509) 327-5704

For Information on Starting a NEATO Chapter, Please Contact:

Gary Morgan, Chapter Coordinator; P.O. Box 190; Pinole, CA 94564 Telephone: (510) 724-0470